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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLV. CHICAGO, MAY 17, 1900. NUMBER 12

# The Congress of Religion.

ADOPTED AT THE SIXTH GENERAL SESSION,
HELD IN BOSTON APRIL 24-29, 1900.

"The Congress of Religion, assembled at Boston in its sixth general session, would set forth the spirit that it seeks to promote and the principle for which it stands.

"It recognizes the underlying unity that must characterize all sincere and earnest seekers of God and welcomes the free expression of positive convictions, believing that a sympathetic understanding between men of different views will lead to finer catholicity of mind and more efficient service of men. Hence, it would unite in fraternal conference those of whatever name who believe in the application of religious principles and spiritual forces in the present problems of life.

"Believing that the era of protest is passing and that men of catholic temper are fast coming together, it simply seeks to provide a medium of fellowship and co-operation where the pressing needs of the time may be considered in the light of man's spiritual resources.

"It lays emphasis upon the value of this growing spirit of fraternity, it affirms the religious value and significance of the various spheres of human work and service, and it seeks to generate an atmosphere in which the responsibilities of spiritual freedom shall be heartily accepted equally with its rights and privileges."

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

# THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION

## THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION AND FESTIVAL--1900

**The Thirty-Third Annual Convention and Festival of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA will be held in Boston, on Thursday, May 31, and Friday, June 1, 1900.**

### The Business Meeting,

For the Hearing of Reports, the Election of Officers, etc., will be held on Thursday, at 3:30 o'clock, in the small hall of the Parker Memorial Building. It is hoped the attendance will be large.

### THE CONVENTION, Friday, June 1st.

**Morning Session,**—10 o'clock,—Hollis Street Theatre.

Opening Address by Dr. LEWIS G. JANES, President of the Association.

*SUBJECT for the Morning Conference:*

**PROPHETS AND PIONEERS OF FREE RELIGION.**

"We cannot spare the vision nor the virtue of the saints."
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ROGER WILLIAMS, *Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, D. D.*, of Boston.

RAM MOHUN ROY, *Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal*, of Calcutta, India, Minister of the Brahmo Somaj.

LUCRETIA MOTT, *Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney*, of Boston.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson*, of Concord, Mass.

THEODORE PARKER, *Rev. Charles Fletcher Dole*, of Boston.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, *Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D.*, of Cambridge, Mass.

**Afternoon Session,**—2:30 o'clock.

**SYMPOSIUM ON "THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY."**

"New occations teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth."
—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE GOSPEL OF SOCIAL SERVICE, *Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby*, of New York.

THE COMING WORLD-UNITY, *Mr. Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi*, of Syria.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST, *Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar*, of India (it is hoped).

OUR OBLIGATION TO THE ORIENT, *Miss Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita)*, of India.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY, *Prof. Edward Howard Griggs*, late of Leland Stanford Jr. University, California.

### The Festival

Will take place at the QUINCY HOUSE, Brattle Street, Friday, June 1, at six o'clock p. m. Speaking at eight o'clock. Rabbi *Charles Fleischer*, a Director of the Association, will preside. *SUBJECT:*

**"THE GLAD TIDINGS OF FREE RELIGION."**

Opening Address by Dr. LEWIS G. JANES. There will also be brief addresses by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, Miss Maria L. Baldwin, Miss Margarete Noble, Mr. Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi and others if time permits.

There is no charge for admission to the Morning and Afternoon Sessions of the Convention, but **admission in the evening will be by ticket.**

Tickets to the Festival, One Dollar each (including supper), may be obtained at the store of Messrs. John C. Haynes & Co., Washington Street, or by mail of Albert S. Parsons, Lexington, Mass. No tickets will be sold for the supper after 2 p. m. on Friday. This rule is necessary in order to prevent overcrowding. Numbered tickets will be issued in order of application. Parties of four or six can have special tables by early application.

☞ **A limited number of admission tickets to the Festival Speeches, at Fifty Cents each, may be obtained as above, or at the door.**

**ALL FRIENDS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.**

The members of the Association and all interested in its work are reminded that the Annual Fees are now due. Annual Members pay $1.00; Patron Members, $5.00. Those who are unable to attend the Convention may send their contributions to J. A. J. Wilcox, 60 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLV. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1900. NUMBER 12

The humiliating disclosure concerning the postoffice conditions of Cuba is another illustration of the dangers of long-armed governments. The small corruptions of native officials representing a native government are more easily discovered and more promptly punished than the long-armed rascality of foreigners, the ethical checks upon whose conduct decrease in inverse ratio to the square of the distance from the central government. Let the United States take to heart this new shame and note the bearing of the same upon imperial statesmanship.

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Joseph Chamberlain is bending himself heroically to the task of imperializing the British Empire. He recommends the appointment of life peers to represent Canada, Australia, South Africa and India in the House of Lords in the Privy Council. So far as Canada and Australia are concerned this will be delicate business. It is much easier to imperialize the remote and Asiatic people than it is to subordinate governments made up of a constituency like unto that at home. Canada and Australia may be glad to have a place in the councils of Great Britain, but when these councils will purpose to dictate concerning home administrations the boot will be on the other foot.

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The Chicago waiters set an example to those whom they serve. At a opening banquet in the clubhouse that is to be the home to employes of hotel and restaurant last week the waiters on these waiters received tips ranging from $30 down, and the president of the occasion called upon the world to follow the example. There is a steady degeneracy of Americanism in the encroachments of the "tipping" custom. The generosity or courtesy of the served denoted thereby is well, but the pauperizing of the servant by the process is bad, and the relieving of the employer from the responsibility of paying living wages to his servants is the worst feature of the bad business. Let the Pullman Company, the hotel keeper and the restaurant man pay these servants adequate salaries, and let the public render as they do an adequate quid pro quo for service received. Let the class engendering undemocratic and unethical "tips" cease.

---

We are pained to note the reactionary and to our mind, deplorable, conclusions recently promulgated by Charles Dudley Warner concerning the colored race in the South. Sad as the present situation may be the solution of the perplexity is by going through it and not by backing out of it. The battle in the South is not a battle between white man and black man, it is a battle between intelligence and ignorance, between justice and intolerance. Peace will come not by the industrial education of the one and the classic education of the other, but by more education to both. Education will never lend itself to schisms and class distinctions. In pleading for industrial schools and technical education in the South we plead for the needs of the white as well as the black; and any discussion of limiting the suffrage privilege must move along intelligent lines, and not color lines. There may be those in the South who are incompetent to cast an intelligent ballot; if there is any honorable way by which such a class can be distinguished let the ballot be withheld from such, but when that class is formed Mr. Warner will find a great many white men among the "fools" and not a few colored people among the "electoral sages." Sociologically as well as physiologically, color is but skin deep, and suffrage, justice, political equity rest on things more central.

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A sane word on the vexed labor question of Chicago was spoken last week before a representative assembly of working men, by Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons. The details of this prolonged suspension of labor and the complications of the lockout by the employers are hopelessly intricate. Laboring men, employers and material men make a triangular war which ever seems to be in danger of becoming quadrangular by the introduction of the political element. But Mr. Taylor spoke in the interest of that third party that is always the greatest sufferer, viz., the public. In their name he demands a prompt suspension of hostilities, an arbitration that will be made imperative by the compulsory power of public sentiment and justice. At present it seems as though the labor unions would consent to such investigation, but the building contractors' council, while demanding the disbandonment of the union council, keep their own council intact and decline to be investigated by the commission of seven suggested by Professor Taylor, this commission to consist of three business men, three labor union men not associated with building trades councils and Professor Taylor as the seventh. Something must be done. The patient public cannot always stand by while this unnecessary and cruel industrial war continues to thwart the better purposes of the community and to divert or destroy the creative energies of the city.

---

In the midst of the near perplexities of municipal administration, labor problems, military entanglements and war's alarms no American citizen can forget the old and the yet unsolved race problem we have left upon our hands by preceding generations. The war for the union put an end to statutory slavery, but it did not solve the negro question. Each year gives accumulative evidence of the far-reaching perplexity; atrocities on the one hand, indignities and injustice on the other. The Fifty-seventh Congress has had more

exciting bills presented to it, but none of more profound significance or far-reaching interest than that presented last March by the Hon. Richard A. Wise, of Virginia, looking to the establishment of industrial schools in every town in the old slave states. It provides that wherever white citizens shall present petition to Congress, certifying to the fact that $10,000 or more has been subscribed as a nucleus fund, and that the governing board of trustees has been duly incorporated, Congress may appropriate $50,000 for the installation covering the necessary buildings and equipments, and $100,000 as a permanent endowment fund. The leading clergy of all the denominations North and South are becoming interested in this movement, and every minister who reads this note is earnestly requested to communicate with the representatives of his district in the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate, and if possible, secure the co-operation of the society with which he works, and the people of influence with whom he is thrown in contact. The following letter will explain how ten persons did it last Monday. If all over the country, North, South, East and West, the clergy, individually or collectively, in their personal or representative capacity would do likewise or otherwise for the furtherance of this movement that is economically wise and ethically just, a mighty era of reform and progress would be inaugurated in the distracted Southern states. UNITY will be glad to report further work in this direction and in every other way to help along the good work.

To the Honorable D. B. Henderson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: This day Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church; Rev. Vandelia V. Thomas, his wife; Rev. David Beaton, pastor of the Lincoln Park Congregational Society; Rev. R. A. White, pastor of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church; Rev. Joseph Stolz, rabbi of Isaiah Temple; Rev. W. M. Backus, pastor of the Third Unitarian Church; William M. Salter, lecturer of the Society for Ethical Culture, and his wife, all of Chicago, and Rev. Mr. Dunlop, pastor of the Congregational Church of Maywood, and the undersigned were all together at an informal lunch. The bill now pending before Congress for the purpose of encouraging the organization of industrial schools for the benefit of freedmen in the South introduced by Honorable Richard A. Wise of Virginia was considered and the undersigned was requested to communicate to you their unanimous approval of the same and to urge the importance of the movement represented thereby. The bill seems to represent not only tardy justice to a people that has suffered social wrongs in the past and still labors under great economic and social disadvantages, but the only way out of a vexed race problem.

Trusting that you will do all in your power to further this bill, I am, on behalf of the above named, very respectfully yours, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

## The Methodists.

The Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodists is an event that appeals alike to the statistician and the poet; it is now in session in Chicago. It has taken possession for a month or more of the great Auditorium hall with countless number of lesser halls, offices, committee rooms and the like. Last Sunday perhaps half a hundred pulpits in the city were occupied by its ministerial delegates who went wherever they were invited regardless of denominational lines. So the Methodist message was heard last Sunday in Chicago from platforms ranging from those of the Y. M. C. A. out to All Souls Church and the Central Church of Chicago. We are permitted to quote from an authoritative estimate made by the Rev. Dr. Davis W. Clark of Cincinnati, who occupied the pulpit of All Souls Church last Sunday morning the following figures: "There are three million communicants, which on a moderate estimate yield twelve million adherents. Three million children are enrolled in Methodist Sunday-schools, two millions more in the Epworth League. There are seventeen thousand ordained and ten thousand local ministers. The value of church property and parsonage is put at one hundred and thirty-four million dollars. The 'book concern' started with a borrowed capital of six hundred dollars, and it now has three million, five hundred thousand dollars assets, and has paid out of its earnings to the superannuity and bishop funds an aggregate of four million dollars."

These figures are dazzling enough, and it is dangerous to take them as a measure of spiritual power or evidence of the growth of Methodism, for churches, like states, have in the past and may in the future grow to their degradation and conquer to their defeat and ultimate death. But fortunately the Methodists are not dependent upon these external figures for credentials to respect. They have been true to a marked degree to their great inheritance. The Wesley brothers and their immediate associates were university men who might have represented religion in cathedrals, but preferred to do it in the barns of England. They would have been welcome in the cities; they elected the hedges. True to this inheritance the early Methodists in this country with great earnestness preached their gospel in their shirt sleeves; they forded the western streams, they rode with the Bible in one holster and a pistol in the other. They fought wild beasts and wilder men in the name of Jesus. They swam the streams, threaded the forests and climbed the mountains in their race with the saloonkeeper and the gambler.

It is not necessary to discuss their methods or to analyze their creed before arriving at the confident conclusion that practically they have represented to a marked degree the democracy of Christianity in the nineteenth century. A superficial glimpse of the conference now in session will prove that these men are worthy successors of the "circuit rider" of the generation gone. One is impressed with the large bodies, big heads, square shoulders, ringing voices and the platform power of those who take part in the deliberations of this great body that is at once supreme court, legislative body and electoral college of Methodism.

The conference is exposed to great dangers. The possibility of electing four new bishops, the necessity of electing twenty editors, all of which will represent a large civic as well as clerical patronage, introduces an element of practical politics that is well nigh alarming.

This conference proposes to keep up with the procession. It will be a memorable conference if for no other reason than that it seated the provisional delegation of three hundred and fifty laymen so that now for the first time the house is equally divided between the clergy and the laity. And the woman question is more than in the air; twice already it has come up for discussion and the end is not yet. Those who are watching things from the inside say that two-thirds of the conference

is in favor of ordaining women into the ministry. The only debatable question is that of methods. It may take another four years before woman's right to stand in the pulpit of the Methodist Church (Paul notwithstanding) will be established, but that it will eventually be established no one can doubt.

The spirit of the day is manifesting itself in another direction before this conference. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the details to specify, but there is a manifest movement in the direction of combining, condensing and simplifying. There is talk of too many *Christian Advocates*, too many conferences and councils. Some marked movement in the direction of combination of forces may be expected.

Altogether, Methodism as studied from the Quadrennial Conference standpoint, is a force to be reckoned with, counted on, rejoiced in and to emulate.

# GOOD POETRY.

## Never Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
  But it never comes again.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

## Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly, side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

—*Susan Marr Spaulding.*

## The Days Gone By.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

*J. W. Riley.*

# Proceedings of the Wisconsin Congress

**Held at Green Bay, Feb. 27-28, 1900.**

WOMAN'S SESSION, TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

This afternoon's session was known as the Woman's Congress, and was presided over by Mrs. Ruth K. Ellis, president of the Woman's Club of Green Bay. The first speaker was Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, who read a paper on "The Religious Training of Children," as follows:

### The Religious Training of Children.

BY MRS. FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF, OSHKOSH.

To those modern parents who desire their children to become religious men and women, endowed with the precious serenity and cheerfulness of devout minds, a perplexing dilemma presents itself. On the one hand they see the majority, perhaps, of the present younger generation totally indifferent to religion because they have had no training from their parents. The traditions of Puritan ancestors have been disregarded, under the impression that it is best to leave a child unprejudiced, and free to decide religious questions for himself. The child, as he becomes a man, may, or may not, comprehend truth, public spirit, honesty, charity, education, but religion is to him a meaningless term.

On the other hand there are the children of devout parents, who conceding religion to be the paramount affair of life, made it also the paramount subject of training by "line upon line, precept upon precept," with enforced attendance upon family prayers, church twice a Sunday, Sunday-school once or even twice, and later, college chapel before breakfast. The most frequent result was reaction in the man not only against this discipline of his youth, but against all religious things. Add to this the extreme backwardness of the churches in general in matters of creed, of history, of science, and we may add of social service and we cannot wonder at the religious apathy of the times.

How are we to steer our way between the rocks of too much training and too little? And in what is our training to consist?

It is in the hope of receiving enlightenment on this subject from a frank discussion at this time and not at all with the intention of dogmatizing that I venture to address myself to such a topic.

I conceive that it is not difficult for a sincere Roman Catholic for example to train his children in his religion. He has a great body of absolute dogmatic teaching, and an elaborate ritual to put before them.

But for those of us who find language quite inadequate to express our idea of God, whose hope of the future life is but a hope, who feel horror at the idea of teaching our children anything which we do not believe ourselves, the questions of religious training are most difficult.

Comte's definition of religion was "reverence toward that which is above us, love toward that which helps and sustains us, benevolence toward that which needs our aid." Reverence, love, benevolence, these are not beliefs, they are emotions. Adam Bede, you remember, says: "Religion's something else besides notions. It isn't notions sets people doing the right thing—it's feelings."

How shall we awaken in our children these feelings, this reverence, this love, this benevolence? There are

deep students of child nature who tell us that they are implanted in the child already. That

> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness;
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home.

Frobel believed that the child had a superior spiritual vision; and did not Jesus say "except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." As evolutionists we may not agree with Wordsworth's explanation of the child's "glory." but there is no one who has ever had to do with little children but has been deeply touched by their purity and truthfulness. The most beautiful detailed description of teaching a child religion that I know, is Miss Elizabeth Peabody's account of her experience with a little child of an unbelieving mother and who had grown to be four years old without having heard the word God or knowing of death. The story would suffer too much in my telling for me to dare repeat it. Her's was surely the method of genius as she won the boy to a sweet confidence in the kind friend who had a whole sky full of love and goodness-to-be-good wish for him.

Take a child by the hand and lead him into a church thronged with worshipers. To him the vaulted roof is sublime, the place is vast. Do you not remember how large and grand appeared the streets and buildings of our native town?

All heads are bowed—the organ peals through the air, at the altar one speaks the sacred name.

The child feels a thrill of awe, his responsive nature trembles into estacy. Balzac tells us of the child Veronique that on resuming her seat in church after communion at the altar her face "shone with the mysterious brilliancy of a flower blooming beneath the water of the sea when the sun is pentrating it."

Perhaps we can all remmber moments of spiritual uplift in childhood. Now if those feelings had been connected with no theological ideas, if we had not been taught that they depended on certain beliefs, forms or conditions, we might always continue to experience the same feelings—or at least such feelings as thankfulness and trust.

I would teach children as true a theology and philosophy as I could formulate. I would teach them as correct an astronomy and history as the swift advance of modern research and discovery will allow to be formulated at a given time. I would teach them the inspiring history of the Jewish people, and of other great peoples and religions. I would delight in presenting to them in freshness and alluring beauty, the life of Jesus of Nazareth. The heroism of the apostles.

I would not cheapen the marvelous story of the New Testament by wearisome repetitions of it in the same manner every few years, so that when, as now, the Sunday-schoool lessons return to the life of Jesus the boys frown on looking at the new lesson sheet and mutter "Same old thing."

The impressive beauty of the life is lost upon children unless it is presented to them at an age when they are able to appreciate its meaning and the proper historical and ethical background is provided—as well as all the accessory aids of poetry, music and especially of pictures.

But to my mind these subjects of instruction are not religion, yes and the modern substitutes charity and sociology—are not themselves religion. Neither can it be doubted that morality is not religion—although it is so closely connected with it that we cherish such utterances as "To do good is my religion" and "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father is this; to visit the fatherless and widows and in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Mathew Arnold tells us that

> Tasks in hours of insight willed
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

Performing the tasks—that is morality. The insight, the vision of the Right, in the light shed by the conception of Infinite Righteousness and Love, which commands our reverent awe—that is religion. Kant says: "Two things fill me with awe unspeakable, the starry heavens and the moral sentiment in man." There is a hint for the religious training of our children.

Shall we teach our children an anthropomorphic conception of God? We all know what crude ideas children have of the spiritual. My sister, at an early age, refused to go upstairs alone because she was "afraid of the Holy Ghost." Yet children know love, and that it is not corporal, and we may teach them that God is love. We must use the words we have, although they are inadequate to our meaning, and even although others may have used them in a narrower sense, so long as the fundamental conception is the same. As John Fiske says: "Words which have gained their meanings from finite experiences of finite objects of thought must inevitably falter and fail when we seek to apply them to that which is infinite." But we do not mend matters by employing terms taken from the inorganic world rather than from human personality.

No word or phrase which we seek to apply to Deity can be other than an extremely inadequate and unsatisfactory symbol. From the very nature of the case it must always be so, and if we once understand the reason why it need not vex or puzzle us." I am not afraid, then, and I see no reason why anyone should hesitate to use the words God and Heavenly Father.

To the infant, as has often been said, the mother is God. She represents to him the all protective, sustaining love. But there comes a time when the question naturally arises in the child's mind, "Who made this?" Where did that come from?" I believe in giving the obvious and scientific answer, the immediate cause, rather than the remote one. The grass grows from the seed, the bird from the egg. The cold wind driving into the cloud caused the snow, the electricity, the lightning and so on. And yet on a beautiful evening, as my child and I were walking toward the sunset, and he said: "Who makes the clouds so beautiful?" I said to myself, the essence of the beauty is not the refraction of light. Beauty is certainly the creation of the divine mind. It is born of that.

> Something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and the mind of man.

So I answered: "God made them."

"Who is God? The one that loves us and makes things beautiful."

"Oh, yes," and the sweet satisfaction of the little face seemed both justification and evidence of the truth of the answer.

Is there any place for fear in religious training? I have much sympathy with the modern view of fear as a most degrading as well as a most painful feeling, but fear is degrading only, I think, as it leads to cowardice or deceit, whither we know fear of parents and teachers does too often lead. But fear of the moral law, it seems to me, is justified. Many a poor sinner wishes with all his heart that some one had inspired in him a fear, a deadly fear of the sin which he has now fallen into. Could we but realize that every evil action and every evil thought brings its inevitable retribution, would it not be a deterrent thought? Wordsworth speaks of being

Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere,
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear;
Glad to expand, and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

Shall I teach my child that God will take care of him? If the child takes this to mean that God will not let a dog bite him, or the burglar enter or the fire destroy his dwelling, or the lightning strike him, if he puts his trust in God against these terrors of childhood, how can his trust survive the inevitable knowledge that God does let those things happen, to others and to him? It is difficult for older persons, and almost impossible for children, to realize that it is only our spiritual good that God guards. Even Jesus prayed: "If Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me." But the cup was pressed to his lips, and it is pressed to ours. We see the shadow of grief descending upon us; we cry to heaven to avert it, yet it descends and we are darkened wholly. Yet here is religion's sweetest office, that of consolation in sorrow; strengthening the soul to bear life bravely. It is right to teach our children the great religious psalms and hymns whose words rise unbidden to our lips in the hour of need.

Comte's definition of religion includes reverence, love, benevolence. I have spoken of little except the first, so great is the subject, and yet to his definition much more might be added. Justice surely deserves a place beside benevolence, and integrity beside love.

The method of training the child in them all is the same, and requires sincere and earnest faith on the part of the teacher. There is no better educational dictum than that of Carlyle: "The soul grows not, like a vegetable, by having its roots littered with etymological compost, but by mysterious contact of spirit with spirit."

After discussion of Mrs. Buckstaff's paper and the singing of a duet, the chairman introduced Mrs. Vandelia Varnum-Thomas, of Chicago, who spoke on "The Message to Young Women." The following is a partial report of Mrs. Thomas' address:

### The Message to Young Women.

By Mrs. Vandelia Varnum-Thomas, Chicago.

We have been told by Victor Hugo and other great men that this is "woman's century," and I suppose it is. We have learned to accept the affirmation of our brothers without question. At any rate, most of us are too busy to consider who owns the century. We only know that no day or week is long enough for our work, and the calls of home and society and church roll over us daily like a Niagara. Max O'Rell, that brilliant Frenchman, says his prayer is that when he inhabits the earth next time he may be a woman and with the women stand, but always in the American group. Yet I am not sure if he knew just what is meant to be an American woman that gentleman would not modify that prayer a trifle. But at any rate, we are here, and here to stay, and, so far as I am concerned, I would not change it for all creation.

I am so proud of my country. The best land in all the world for woman as for man. The woman plaything, the daughter drudge, the wife slave, the mother servant, is another's evil, not ours. Oh, we may black our husband's boots occasionally, but it is because we want to; poor thing, we want him to shine somewhere. At a garden party in England a woman said to me: "Then you are from America? I want to ask you a question. How do you women in America keep your husbands so docile? How do you manage your men?" I confess I did not know what to say, never having had much experience in that line. I presume some of you could have made an exhaustive answer. But somehow I never have thought much about managing men or managing women. The chief concern is to manage self. And then, too, I cannot conceive of any separate interests. Both are parts of the rounded whole. What is bad for one is bad for the other and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for Mr. Goose. But after a moment I blurted out: "Why, I don't know how we keep our husbands so docile unless it is because we just about love them to death."

That answer didn't suit her. She didn't really believe it, and I confess there have been deaths that could be traced to other causes. But just then another woman came up and said: "I am afraid if we had all the opportunities and privileges you have in America our men would lose their chivalry quite," and just for a moment I was wicked enough to think that it would be hard to lose what they did not have. But that is a slander, for just as warm and chivalrous hearts beat in one country as another, i. e., toward women of rank or wealth, but for the workday, holiday, everyday kind of chivalry, toward the poor as well as the rich, the lowly as well as the high, toward the wife of the farmer on the plains as well as the fashion plate in Upper Broadway, give me the American man. I'll pit him against the world.

The best land in all the world for woman, as for man, esteemed in the church, honored in society, revered in the home, almost every institution of learning opened to receive her. Once it was a crime to educate a woman; now it is, but only in the bondage of the Orient. Sixty years ago there was not a single college for women, and not a single woman in college. Now such institutions as Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and others offer the same discipline to women as our young men receive. All the universities receive women on equal terms with men—hardly one in the great West that locks its doors to women, while the number of girl graduates in our public schools so far exceeds the number of boy graduates that some good authority says our girls will have to remain single because there are not educated men enough to go around.

Once it was a question whether woman could fit herself for self-support; now the question is whether she is not robbing her brother of an opportunity for self-support. In 1840 Harriet Martineau came to this country to make a study of this subject. She found at that time seven occupations in which a woman might engage. She could teach school, work out by the week, work in factories, printing offices, bookbinderies, could sew, wash and, of course, take boarders. This last field she has monopolized largely and it has become one of the grinding monopolies that ought to go down. Now she can do everything and be everything unless it be a Chicago alderman—that seems to be beyond her reach as yet.

Woman has the right to speak, but not to vote. But this is of small account. Besides, our women live such busy lives—some in their sets supporting fads, some in societies supporting missionaries and some in soapsuds supporting husbands—that few have strength enough left, after paying their taxes, to handle a ballot at all. And then, what if as a voting citizen she should become the same shining success that her brother is? That would turn her head. It would anyone's. Few could bear up under such a brilliant exposition of successful government experiments.

I protest long and loud against the sentiment that often finds hearing and applause—that women with knowledge of books and knowledge of the world, women interested and active in benevolent and reform work, are so at the expense of womanly graces and duties of the home. Show me one such a woman, and I'll show you a thousand living on scraps of small talk and dripping of greasy gossip. Point me one woman who neglects her dearest interests for public enterprise and I will point you a dozen half-clad devotees of the opera box and a dozen more slaves of society and a

dozen more whose children are in the back yard with the nurse while the mother is caressing poodles in the parlor.

But while I plead for the broader outlook and the higher culture, I plead, too, for a higher estimate on every side of the common things that bless and honor the home. We read long magazine articles, written by college professors, I presume, concerning the great servant girl problem. We see pretty women with small hands and smaller heads prattle for hours over their trials and tribulations with their "servants." We see frail women exhausting the strength that should be reserved for husband and children because they can get no help, and, above all, we see a large army of young women reared in heathen ignorance of home duties.

It is said woman lived for nineteen centuries before she discovered herself, and it may be so, since some I know lived a long time without being discovered by anyone in particular. But I count it less to be self-seeking than to be self-giving, less to be forever struggling toward the light than to be the light. A great teacher has said: "He who would find life must first lose it," and every example of nobility that hearts have loved to cherish has been an exemplification of this great truth.

Get an education, do you say? By all means, but remember it is more than so much text-book or so many years on the campus; it may mean so many months at the bedside of a sick mother. "Pursue your art?" Certainly. But for service only, lest, like the miser's gold, it crumble the hand that grasps it. "Enter a profession?" Most assuredly, if you are called, but enter with uncovered head, as in the presence of the Most High, and wherever you are and whatever you do use in the best manner possible the best gifts that God has given you, and the world will be the richer for your living. I leave you, then, with this word: Be up; be doing; do something worth living for; do something worth dying for, and God help you, young women, to answer this call of the nineteenth century by a life deepened by study, rounded by service and crowned by the love of Him who said: "Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

After discussion the meeting closed with the singing of a hymn and a benediction by the Rev. C. A. Payne.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.**

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

*Prepared by E. H. W.*

## XXIII.

## Ascension of Isaiah.

*Memory Text—I saw that my Lord worshiped and the angel of the Holy Spirit and both together glorified God Almighty."*

In Lowell's "Ambrose we read:

> Never, surely, was holier man
> Than Ambrose, since the world began;
> With diet spare and raiment thin,
> He shielded himself from the father of sin;
> With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
> His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.
>
> Through earnest prayer and watchings long
> Much wrestling with the blessed Word
> He sought to know 'tween right and wrong,
> To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
> That he might build a storm-proof creed
> To fold the flock in at their need.
>
> At last he builded a perfect faith,
> Fenced round about with *the Lord thus saith;*
> To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
> Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
> And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
> That the work of his fingers was divine.
> Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
> The eternal death who believe not as I;"
> And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
> Some sawn in twain."

Where did Lowell get this? The thirty-second verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews reads as follows:

> What shall I say more? For the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jepthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens. Women received their dead by a resurrection, and others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trials of mockings and scourgings.

That is where Lowell got it. But where did the author of the Book of Hebrews find it? He found it in "The Ascension of Isaiah." Being "sawn asunder" was a new way of getting killed. So this book is interesting if for no other reason than that it suggests a new way of torture. "The Ascension of Isaiah" is one more of these splendid apocalyptic things, which constitute a marvelously suggestive class of literature. Deane tells in his Pseudepigrapha the fascinating story of its rediscovery in a second-hand bookstall in Drury Lane in the year 1819.

The scholars had had intimations of the existence of such a book from citations among the older masters. The manuscript on which Archbishop Lawrence based his edition is now in the Bodleian Library, and several supplementary aids for the study of the text have come to light since the discovery of the manuscript above. Several fragments have been found in various places. The book is not a unit. It falls into two distinct portions. One tells of the martyrdom of Isaiah, and there is where the "sawing asunder" comes in. Then, clumsily telescoped into it, is the vision of Isaiah, clearly written a hundred years later or more.

The legend of the martyrdom of Isaiah was evidently written early in the Christian century, possibly before Jesus was born. It was written in Greek by a Jew and represents the kind of traditional lore that grew in Alexandria. You will remember that Hezekiah was the good king and Isaiah was his advisor, a man of culture who had an immense influence over Hezekiah. We also know that Hezekiah's son Manasses was the reprobate who restored the abominations, and the story turns on this dramatic point. Manasses was instrumental in the torture of Isaiah. The assumption is that Isaiah survived the good king Hezekiah and lived over into the administration of the bad king Manasses. "It came to pass after the death of Hezekiah that Manasses reigned, who forgot his father's precepts." Sawing of Isaiah with a wooden saw, or when hidden in a hollow tree are interesting variations of the legend.

The second part, the vision of Isaiah, is clearly a Christian-Jew projection. In it we have a very exact picture of the thoughts and feelings of Christianity in its very beginning, when it was, perhaps, not more than a hundred years old. Here we see the beginnings of all the trouble about "trinities," "revelations," "eternal punishment," "redemption," etc. Bishop Lawrence himself distrust it because it seems to have a Unitarian bias. One of the things this Jew-Christian puts into his vision is that when Isaiah had got up to the seventh heaven he saw the Son and the Holy Ghost worshiping the Father. That, of course, was heresy.

The writer of this portion of the book would seem to have put into it all that he knew about Christianity and to have been desirous of enlisting Isaiah and his traditions in the service of "the Christ."

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## Modern Demands Upon Theological Education.

(Address by Prof. Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago, at the Union Memorial Services, held at Isaiah Temple, Chicago, April 8, 1900, in memory of Dr. Isaac M. Wise.)

Marc Antony expressed only half a truth when he said:

> "The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft intered with their bones."

It is quite as true, and probably truer, that the good which men do lives after them, and it grows better and stronger. Memory sanctifies and idealizes the good elements in the lives of men who at best shared the weakness and incompleteness of our common humanity. So long as men are with us in the hum-drum of life, we deal with them in detail. We see their faults with their virtues, their weaknesses with their strengths. We analyze them into their acts, and we judge and classify those acts from our own point of view. We approve this. We condemn that. We oppose the other. The living men with whom we deal are all alike mixtures in various proportions of human strength and wisdom and excellence with fallibility and foolishness and limitation. But when a good man has gone to join the great majority, his limitations begin to disappear from sight. His goodness shines with brighter luster. His failures are forgotten and his attempts are celebrated. The minor details of his life work are disregarded and its central purpose is magnified.

This meeting and the movement among American Jews of which it is a part, are clear illustrations of the principle. Not what a good man finishes, but what he begins; not what he originates, but what he reinforces; not what he founds, but what he serves may fix his place in posterity's pantheon. Rare and fortunate in the history of the world are the men who can do some single work and stop; or can pursue some good and noble end with such consistency and fidelity that the spirit of the life becomes a mantle of dignity to cover the pitiful threadbare garments of their otherwise ordinary and average humanity. The cherished names in history, whether they are the great in the industrial arts or in commerce, or in mechanical invention, or in scientific discovery, or political leadership, or military command, or literary creation, or philosophical outlook, or religious vision, have usually been men whose remembered service to the world consisted of some one very restricted sort of work that offset many faults and failures in their other transactions; or certain memorable deeds which embalmed their names imperishably, while a beneficent Providence preserved them for the rest of life against the weak or bad or silly impulse that might have tarnished or even effaced the record of the previous good. Americans honor the memory of Horace Mann, as in some sense the father of our modern public school system. It is morally certain, however, that if Horace Mann, at his best, were alive today he would be unequal to the task of filling the superintendency of Chicago's schools. Abraham Lincoln will be known as long as history is read as "The Great Emancipator." It is no detraction from his fame, however, to remember that the assassin's shot may have saved us his memory as a brighter legacy than it could have been, had he been destined to stake his reputation with his own and subsequent generations upon the part he might take in the later problems of reconstruction and pacification. Happy the man whose memory is enshrined in memorials of the best that his life proposed or accomplished!

The men who for many years have honored Rabbi Wise have been almost and possibly quite as numerous among Christians as among Jews. We have known him as a theologian among theologians, which is a cautious way of expressing the facts about a goodly fellowship of apostles of various creeds who can hardly be said to be ripe for universal disarmament, but they have reached agreement that their warfare shall be carried on with the least murderous of weapons. A good theologian must be a good fighter, but the best theologian will also be a fighter so chivalrous that, like the fallen chieftain of the Boer armies, he will command the respect and admiration of his foes. Such a controversialist was Rabbi Wise. We have known him as an educator among educators, and in no profession is there more room today for differences of perspective and judgment and policy than in the educating profession. He often differed both with his co-religionists and with men of other faiths about questions within the educational field, but all that is today aside from the main meaning of the movement to honor his memory. In so doing you are merely reasserting yourselves.

Rabbi Wise was not primarily the creator of reformed Judaism. He was one of its products. He was not the first to see that to be a power in the world Reformed Judaism must educate, but he took possession of the idea, and the idea took possession of him. The educating ambition of your religion naturally rallies in recognition of the best that he and others before him had dreamed and planned in the defense and spread of their faith.

Weak and defenseless religions flourish to their limit by keeping their priests the unthinking repositories of traditional esoteric mysteries, and by keeping their laity the helpless victims of ecclesiastical superstition, In proportion to the genuineness and virility of a religion will it seek to enlarge all its adherents, priests, and laymen alike. It will plan for more light, more liberty, more action more growth, more achievement, more happiness, thorough knowledge of the world and knowledge of man, knowledge of human destiny, and conquest of the destiny by use of the knowledge. A religion does not show full faith in itself till it resolves to absorb into its service all the knowledge that the human mind can gain.

What is religion? At bottom it is always and everywhere, consciously or unconsciously one and the same enterprise. Creeds differ. Morals vary. Theologies exclude each other. Rituals of worship run the gamut from Quaker simplicity to Greek ostentation, but religion is invariably in the last analysis, the same instinctive effort of the human soul. Religion is man's attempt to set himself right with all outside of himself that his mind's eye can see. Whether it is the savage trying to placate his fetich; or the barbarian performing mystic rites to conciliate the good and evil spirits that swarm in nature; or the nomad warrior paying tribute to the divinities of the lands through which he campaigns; or the primitive Jahve worshiper sacrificing to an awful holiness; or the Confucian bowing to the will of his ancestors; or the modern Jew worshiping the God of his scriptures and the Christian worshiping the same God as represented in Jewish and Christian scriptures together—each and all are trying to realize as much as possible of the whole great system of life, and to fit themselves, each according to his comprehension, to the essential requirements which that mystery contains.

Among men who are thoroughly honest, and maturely intelligent, there can be but one fundamental creed.

That creed is: "I want to believe the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, even if it turns out to be something different from the things believed in the past to be true by men whom I hold dear." Since this is our fundamental creed, the fact that we believe different things, and are called by different theological names, need not change the fact that modern life makes substantially the same demands upon each of the educating faiths. Whether we are Christians or Jews we believe that man is free only as he knows the truth and does the truth. Our ideal of theological education is equally and alike the ideal of training men in whose hands the service of religion will adopt the most truth and the best truth to the working needs of people's lives. There is only one universe. There is not one universe where Buddhistic philosophy holds sway, and another where Mohammedan conceptions rule, and another where Jewish theology prevails, and another where Christian dogma dictates. Our world is one and the same world. Whatever be the faith with which we start, we all have the same problem of finding out our world and of adjusting ourselves to its inevitable laws. The task of theological education is to fit men to see farthest out and down and up, with all the apparatus of human divination, into all the truth that has a bearing upon human life.

The priestly function will never be wholly obsolete. The magistrate calling upon the witness to swear or affirm in the name of all to him most sacred, is the ancient priest in modern adjustment to social need. So of civil or ecclesiastical office receiving the pledge of man and woman to keep a solemn marriage vow; or of rabbi or minister voicing the confirmation pledge, or speaking for mourning friends the last farewells before the grave receives the dead. In the large, however, we do not want theological training for ancient priests, but for modern prophets and seers. We want men who can ascend all the heights of revelation that seekers after God have ever scaled. Men who can follow into all the depths of exploration that human research has ever fathomed, and as a result of this outlook and inlook can show to each of us his little life in its largest, longest meaning as a fraction of the rest.

The modern preacher who actually speaks from God to men has need to be the wisest man in our whole society. He need not necessarily know, nor can he possibly know in detail, the things that a thousand specialists in thought and action will of course know more precisely each in his own sphere. The preacher, however, needs to know in sympathy, in their relations to all the other incidents and phases of life, all those great general laws of the world, all those constant characteristics of human character, all those busy activities by which all sorts and conditions of men strive to satisfy the impulses of their nature, which are dealt with by the producer of raw material and the manufacturer and merchant, and lawyer, and doctor, and teacher and editor put together. The preacher is God's messenger both to man and to men. He needs to know man and men through and through, with all the conditions that encompass man's life within and without, wherever his lot is cast.

The theological training that will fit men to speak true prophecy today must somehow combine the elements of society and solitude as factors in the prophetic preparation. The day of communion with God is not past. Men will pray as long as they grow in spiritual stature. Men will learn truth which they cannot otherwise discover by sometimes withdrawing from the noise of men and the strife of tongues, and remaining for a time alone with God. The cloister idea was not vicious in itself, but false in its proportions. We have to thank in part the mountains, the desert and the famine-smitten town for the prophetic notes of Elijah and Amos and their kind. The rush and superficiality of modern life call more than ever for the infusion of a right proportion of the cloister element in the training of the prophets who shall speak the right message to modern men.

Again there must be a large element of the traditional in wise theological training. It might seem that all men who agree on the simple truth-creed which I formulated just now, would also agree, in consequence, that all seekers after truth should be directed through the same process. If there is but one God, and one world, and one humanity, why should not all men who are trying to harmonize God and world and humanity have identically the same training? Simply because, as a matter of fact, each of us finds himself in a real world, and at the same time in a fancied world with a traditional God and an artificial humanity constructed by the minds of his friends. Every preacher has the task of getting that fancied world and God and humanity of his own kind of people to confirm more and more to the actual world and God and humanity which growing knowledge reveals. The preacher needs to know the sources and history and traditions of his own faith. He needs to see the problem of life as it has looked to those seekers after God from whom he is spiritually descended. He needs to love the fathers and the fathers' thoughts, but in such a way that he can treat them in turn as the loving father treats the growing child—not with contempt, but with gentle, wise constraint, and with steady guidance toward stronger and wiser growth.

Probably these two elements of theological training are more safely provided for than the third and last that I will mention. Our modern conditions demand, above all, that the future prophet shall be trained in the closest contact possible with all the different kinds of thought and action that fill the horizon of the modern world. When men lived in scattered families and their employments were the domestic arts, simple truths from simple teachers could satisfy their needs. The school could furnish once what today the university is hardly able to supply. The cloister could give a training once that today only the city can afford.

With occasional and habitual solitude, for poise and purification; with constant resource to the traditions of his own faith, to curb his conceit of opinion, and his ambition for progress, the modern preacher needs the most intimate possible intercourse with all the doings and thinkings of modern men. We do not know humanity except in the gristle, if we take it as it was in the wilderness, between crossing the Red Sea and the capture of Jericho. Humanity is still revealing itself in the increasing complexity of life in the capitals of our manufacture and trade and politics. We do not know God and the world in the last version in the Mosaic cosmology. We find both still revealing themselves in our modern laboratories. While the modern prophet should have his privilege of seclusion, and his hold upon his own particular line of prophetic succession he must at last have entrance, with full franchise, into the great world society. There is but one astronomy, one geology, one physics, one chemistry, one biology, one psychology. Yes, in principle, one sociology. The men who will have a hearing with their fellows as messengers of God in the future will be men who have learned not special sectarian versions about all these common conditions of our human lot. They will be men who have learned the same things and all the things that the wisest can teach about the facts of human life, and can make those laws of physical and social fact project the longest and brightest searchlight rays along the path of human conduct. Just as the man in training for the highest legal career wants to study where he can also watch the practice of the courts; just as the modern student of medicine goes where he can have the clinical practice of great hos-

pitals; just as the modern student of science demands the assistance of great observatories, and laboratories and experiment stations, so the modern student of theology, who is of necessity the student at large of all these factors of life, is defrauding himself, or imposed upon by others if he attempts to get his preparation at a distance from all these appliances. Great libraries of special and general lore he must have, of course, but he needs all these other equipments that the great city and the great university alone can permit, to give him the access that he needs for his work's sake to all the avenues of knowledge. He needs to live in the atmosphere in companionship with specialists not of the theological type. He needs to connect his ways of thinking by their ways of thinking in order to be able later to connect their ways of thinking by his ways of thinking. He needs to become, so far as modern facilities make it possible, the universal man.

If the Jews of my acquaintance in Chicago are typical of your people throughout the United States, you will be satisfied with nothing short of this for the coming teachers of your faith.—*From the Reform Advocate.*

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## Opportunity.*

"America," said Emerson, "is but a name for opportunity." With this as a text Bishop Spalding has written a volume of essays that is about equally derived from his reading of Emerson and his study of America. No one better than Bishop Spalding illustrates the truth of Matthew Arnold's characterization of Emerson as "the friend of those who live in the spirit." Emerson could not don the vestments that have allured the Bishop, but he openly acknowledged his affection for monk and cowl, and particularly "a bishop with a soul." Upon the high plain of the spiritual the true thinkers meet. At times it would seem that Emerson himself held the Bishop's pen, so kindred is the thought and even the expression of the essays entitled "Opportunity," a right Emersonian title to begin with.

"Opportunity," reads the essay, "is a word which, like so many others that are excellent, we get from the Romans. It means near port, close to haven. It is a favorable occasion, time, or place for learning or saying or doing a thing. It is an invitation to seek safety and refreshment, an appeal to make escape from which is low and vulgar and to take refuge in high thoughts and worthy deeds, from which flows increase of strength and joy. It is omnipresent. What we call evils, as poverty, neglect and suffering, are, if we are wise, opportunities for good. Health itself teaches life's value not less than its vanity. It is the background against which its worth and beauty stand forth in clear relief. Its dark form follows us like our shadow, to bid us win the prize while yet there is time; to teach that if we live in which is permanent, the destroyer cannot blight which we know and love; to urge us, with a power that belongs to nothing else, to lay the stress of all our hoping and doing in the things that cannot count pass away.

"The important thing is to have an aim and to pursue it with perseverance. What is the aim the wise should propose to themselves? Not getting and possessing, but becoming and being. Man is not only more than anything that can belong to him; he is greater than planets and solar systems. We easily persuade ourselves that were circumstances more favorable we should be better and happier. It may be so, but the mood is weak and foolish. There is never a question of what might have been where true men think and act. The part is irrevocable. It is our business to do what we can here and now, and regrets serve but to enfeeble and distract us. The boundless good lies near each one, and though a thousand times it has eluded us, let us believe that now we shall hold it fast."

"Pleasure is the bait on Nature's hook and they who bite are caught. Pleasure is death's forager. If we are but true and high in the common affairs, nothing shall have power to harm us. Is opportunity lacking to be polite, obliging, discreet and amiable, to listen with attention or to speak what is better than silence, to observe carefully, to bear bravely, and to do right? Is it difficult to find occasion for being sincere and honest? Honesty is the best policy, because an honest man, whether or not he gets place or money, is a genuine man, self-approved and pleasing to God. In poverty he is rich, in prison he is free."

So for the philosophers. Such writing appeals to all who "live in the spirit." Other essays deal with Goethe, general topics in education, and political questions, but always the philosopher speaks. But the essays were written primarily for Catholics and their special instruction to churchmen interests its Protestant readers even more than the universal sayings. Again and again the Bishop takes occasion to rebuke those who seek to maintain in America the faith of past ages.

"Those who stand with averted faces, looking ever backward to Europe do not impress us. What sacredness is there in Europe more than in America. In any case we are in America, not in Europe; and to stand in the midst of this vast, advancing world, with averted faces, looking backward, is to sink out of sight and be forever lost as a living force."

"To commend a religious faith to us for its achievements in other ages to plead in vain; or to strive to bring back the conditions of former times is labor lost. Were it possible, we would not have it. If we are to act along an inner line upon the life of America, we must bring to the task a divine confidence that our Catholic faith is akin to whatever is true or good or fair; that as it allied itself with the philosophy, the literature, the art and the forms of government of Greece and Rome, so it is prepared to welcome whatever progress mankind may make, whether it be material or moral or intellectual; nay, that it is prepared to cooperate, without misgivings or afterthoughts, in whatever promises to make for higher or holier life. Why turn regretful eyes to some buried century, which, if we knew it better, we should esteem lss? The best things lie before, not behind us."

In such a mood these essays are written. Their counsel is wise and influential. They witness to the new spirit springing up in our national life. Few books are more instructive. OSCAR L. TRIGGS

* "Opportunities and Other Essays and Addresses," by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Chicago. C. A. McClurg & Co.

## The Rise of the New Testament.

This little book is written to supply the need for "a short and readable account in English of the formation of our New Testament," and aims not only to give the results of scholarship, but also to explain the historic method of scholarship. Its purpose is declared to be "neither apologetic or polemic, but purely expository. Instead of taking up the books of the New Testament one by one, the author considers them in classes, first the gospels, and then the writings of the apostles. The work appears to be done with fairness and to give the most approved results of modern critical scholarship. Especially successful is the presentation of the conditions which regulated the collection of the apostolic writings. The book suffers from its style, both of thought and of expression. Its manner

is too often the moralizing one of the preacher, where the clear and unadorned statement of the teacher would have been more to the purpose. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the average lay reader will not lay down the book still somewhat confused as to how the New Testament came into being. The book will help, however, to a better understanding of the subject, and its spirit will tend to emancipate from the letter. The typography is particularly clear. We note a misprint of "Eriugena" for "Erigena" on p. 118.

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EARL M. WILBUR.

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The romance of consecration has its glamour as well as the romance of love.

MON.—Solitude is the final test of character as well as of nature.

TUES.—There is a nuptical charm which comes not of striving, or of prayer, or of education—the power of an elect personality.

WED.—It is not so hard to endure suffering as to resist ease.

THURS.—The passion for martyrdom sweeps everything before it, as long as it is challenged by no stronger force.

FRI.—The real crises of life are those that the stories leave untold.

SAT.—It is not the sudden blow, but the learning how to bear the bruise afterwards, that constitutes experience.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

## A Dandelion.

O golden heart a-gleaming in the grass
On a fair morn o' May,
Along the common way.

Thinking of one blue sky and white cloud day
When free from vexing care,
I pulled and curled your stems in childish play,
And wove them in my hair.

Or breathed across your phantom seedsphere there
With wonder and delight
To see you, spirit like, rise in the air
And vanish out of sight;

Believing while I watched your shining flight,
The brooding, blessed Power,
Mysterious and silent as the light,
Would bring you back, a flower.

Ah, sweet child-trust that bides through sun and shower,
In wisdom all unskilled,
After long storms will come a fateful hour
When it shall be fulfilled.

Hope's winged seeds, through all the years unchilled,
Bloom in the wayside grass,
The flower comes back and with heart strangely thrilled
We bless it as we pass.

—*Annie L. Muzzey, in Scranton Truth.*

## Ted.

Ted went wrong. There is no use denying the fact. But many a young bird, standing with unsteady poise on the limbs beside the nest, wings overgrown, head yet undeveloped, makes too soon a start; it knows not where. Many a bird that, had it been content to abide narrowing constraint a little longer, would have winged its way to heights before unreached and charmed men's souls with thrilling notes, lifting them toward heaven.

But was there no sufficient restraining power? The father? The mother? Hush! If it be a vital point in the life of the young, the leaving the home nest, it is a thrice vital point to the parent heart the having it left. No word of condemnation! None! Who suffers the most for him feel most. The restless, resistless, throbbing pulse of ambition from ten generations, whose active enterprise had gone forth and felled the forest and subdued the land—that was the wings. Years of life in a sheltering home—that was the head. And the world. These are the tragedy. Ah! it is around the greatest souls that dangers ambush most.

East and north of the city stands the prison, with its great yard shut in with long, high walls of rough white stone; with machicolated cornice and guard-house turrets between which the guards, with heavy arms, pace to and fro. The prison itself, with sullen, barred windows and little strip of lawn with flowers and fountains, forms one side of the quadrangle; within it are the shops and the workmen. Some few of the latter are old timers, but for the most part they are boys. Where come they from? Some of them we know, but many not.

There enter the corridor a little old German woman and her daughter. The attendant calls the interpreter. Listen to the conversation!

"To see my son."

"His name?"

"Theodore Altbach."

"Will see the warden and the records. He returns, shaking his head. "That name not here."

"I must see him," and she talks and gesticulates till the air is filled with a Dutch confusion.

"His age? His hair? His eyes? His height? When come? What term? Where from? What for?"

But it is all in vain. The records know no such.

'Tis often so they come. The boy dragged down by sin, when he feels himself sinking beyond help feels that he can at least save his paternal name, and the shame to his people. He promises himself that when he is free again, then—— But sometimes death finds him there, and he is swallowed up from the face of the earth. As life is ebbing away and his heart yearns, as only the dying heart can, for a sympathetic glance and a caressing touch, does he regret that name saved to honor, and the parent's heart from a sting trebly worse than death? To yield would ofttimes bring to him that for which he yearns.

On the hill, the bluff overlooking the prison and the city, lies the graveyard of the convicts, a great, green-sodded hill, with here and there a scattered tree, small and gnarly. On the one side the blue and smoking city stretches across the river and up the bluff beyond; on the other, the unobstructed view across the broad, level fields bounded far away by smoke and haze. It is a lonely place, where no one ever goes, with a lonely outlook; the loneliness of desertion on the one side, and of the many that care not on the other. The nameless graves lie close together side by side like the bricks in a wall—and they were never marked from the first. It is a sad place. The excitement of life's tragedy is gone, the distilled sorrow remains. It is an heroic place. What can be braver than dying alone for the honor of a name and heart's beloved? Many who faced the cannon's mouth and sleep an honored sleep on the battlefield might have lacked the courage to remain here unknown if his grave must be here. Deny not there is heroism asleep forever in the irreclaimable ranks of the wicked.

But above all the tragedy, the pathos, the heroism, like Fate itself the fact remains: Ted went wrong.

C. T. PAXSON.

It is a right reflection that if a man is full of the present moment to glorify it, he is with eternity and infinity: for he has all there is.—*Blake.*

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# THE FIELD.

*Chicago.*—The "Child's Study Congress," which met in Chicago last week, made itself unique by giving its opening session to the problem of Sunday Schools and the need of pedagogical method in the same. Prof. Graham Taylor presided at the session and spoke of the vested interests that perpetuates the ascendancy of what he called "the deplorable international lesson series." The editor of Unity, Professor Burton of the University of Chicago, Miss Sadie American and Rev. Bipan Chandra Pal of India were the speakers. All combined in recognizing the sad neglect of parents and teachers of this most important side of the child's training. All recognized the sad illiteracy of otherwise cultured people concerning the history of religion and morals, particularly that part of the history that is embedded in the Jewish and Christian scripture. There was little disposition to discuss the details of any particular system or curriculum, in the great desire that some system should obtain that the present incoherent and illiterate, methodless instruction in Sunday Schools should be supplanted by some kind of coherency and method, all of which is impossible without the normal training which at present can come, in most cases, only from the pastors of the churches, giving to the teachers who are to undertake the training of the young in these directions. * * * The Rev. Davis W. Clark of Cincinnati, a member of the Quadrennial Methodist Conference, preached at All Souls Church last Sunday most acceptably. * * * Rev. W. M. Backus was installed at the Third Church last Sunday evening, W. W. Fenn preaching the sermon, F. C. Southworth giving the right hand of fellowship and J. Vila Blake giving an "Experience."

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION FOR THE PRACTICAL STUDY OF SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—This is an association of pastors and laymen from all parts of France and all the various groups of French Protestants. Many of its members have an international reputation, and the proceedings of its recent congress at Nimes were extensively reported in continental papers. They are of interest to students of social questions anywhere. The association was organized in response to a call issued in 1887 signed by twenty French ministers of note and two laymen, one of whom at least, M. Charles Gide, is well known in this country as a writer on economic and social questions. He has been called the prophet, and M. Boyve, the other layman, the apostle of co-operation. The first congress was held at Nimes in October, 1888, since which time the Association has met at Lyons, Havre, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen and other cities, and came back for its ninth congress, last March, to the city and the very church where it first assembled.

This return to the starting-point led naturally to a review of work done, and the address of the president, M. Boyve, was an interesting presentment of the questions considered by the Association during the twelve years of its existence. Beginning, as was natural and fitting, with the very practical question of the relation and attitude of the ministry toward social questions, the Association has constantly occupied itself with the vital topics of the day and its published proceedings form a valuable and suggestive record of the questions that have been most pressing during these years. Co-operation and collectivism, assistance by employment and assistance in rural districts, pornography, the investigation of paternity, workingmen's dwellings, alcoholism, depopulation, harmonizing of the classes, recreation for the laboring man, university extension, workmen's insurance, the legal position of woman: such are the problems that the Protestants of France have been studying and discussing in these congresses.

At some future time I hope to speak more particularly of the social work which some of these Protestant pastors are carrying on in various great manufacturing centers of France. At present I will only call attention to the fact that while the Protestant Association for the Study of Social Questions is an organization for study only, it claims with pride to have united all groups of French Protestants on the basis of moral and social activity, and to be the parent of that Commission for Action along these lines which was decided upon at the Fraternal Conference at Lyons last fall. The Association will be the brain, the Commission the hands, of French Protestantism in regard to the ethical and sociological aspects of its work and responsibility.

A full set of the Transactions of this very up-to-date Association has been ordered by the John Crerar Library, so that its valuable contents will at no distant day be accessible to the sociological students and workers of Chicago. Should any one desire to own them they may be obtained of M. Sibleyras, pastor at Anduze, Gard. M. E. H.

## The Bugler in the Rear.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

Strong Bugler, whose deep-chested strain
Has cheered the march of man
From Simla to the coast of Maine,
From Cork to Kordofan,
Oh, tell me, while your rythmic flow
Still fascinates my ear,
Why is it that you choose to blow
Your bugle in the rear?

For clarion notes like yours should sound
The order to advance—
The prophet's thunder-notes profound
That voice the prophet's glance—
The prophet's glance that first beholds
The new-born day appear;
You spy not what the future holds,
A-bugling in the rear.

Your bugle-note is that which calls
Rameses to the fight,
Sculptured on Karnac's crumbling walls
At twenty times his height.
Again you blow his ancient horn,
That pigmy tribes may fear;
You're harking back to times outworn,
A-bugling in the rear.

Like you the narrow Jew looked down
Upon the Gentile bands;
Like you, proud Romans used to frown
On broad, "barbarian" lands;
And Attila and Genghis Khan
Knew well your bugle bold;
For pagan, Jew, and Mussulman
Have heard its blare of old.

And so the Norman, when he came
Across the narrow wave,
And made the Anglo-Saxon name
The synonym for "slave";
And so the Corsican who hurled
His bolts like hell unpent,
And won the hatred of the world
To soothe his banishment:

These, all of these, from times remote,
In every land and clime,
Have heard your ancient bugle-note
Of war and waste sublime;
And ere man's footstep ever fell
On mountain, plain or shore,
It echoed in the tiger's yell
And in the lion's roar.

Know, then, that man shall not return
And seek the brutish past;
The jungle he has left—to learn
To scale the heights at last.
And this shall ever be the sign
To mark the leader true:
The poet is the man divine
Who tells us something new—

The man who tells us something new,
And points the road ahead;
Whose tent is with the forward few,
And not among the dead.
Then come, strong bugler of the rear,
And lead us in the van,
And blow this blast, as pioneer,
"The Brotherhood of Man!"

—*Ernest Howard Crosby, in the Coming Nation.*

# TOWER HILL ENCAMPMENT

...AND...

# SUMMER SCHOOL.

## A NOOK AMONG THE HILLS.

OVERLOOKING a noble sweep of the Wisconsin river, out of sight and sound of railroad, the bustle of trade, the gossip of the town, the hurry and heat of the farm or the conventional proprieties of dress and the dressy people of the Resorts and where "country boarders" flock.

A place where a small Colony may gather in the love of nature and the truth, simplicity and beauty represented thereby for the rest that is renewal. A place where the poetry and science and the religious restorations that belong thereto are a daily investment. A presence and not a search. A quiet inward influence rather than an outward accomplishment.

## VACATION IS THE SEASON OF FELLOWSHIP.

SUMMER is the time for constructive and not destructive work, for synthesis, not analysis. It is hard to keep the consciousness of denominational lines when out of doors. These reasons have unconsciously entered into the life blood of the Chautauqua movements and the out of door assemblies. Their very existence depends upon their inclusiveness and undogmatic life. In the interest of this undenominational love of truth and life, a part of the great summer university under the trees, the Tower Hill Summer School will hold its tenth session of five weeks, beginning July 15th and ending August 18th. The leading features of the summer s work will be as follows:

*Literature and Art.* Forenoons first two weeks — Mr. Jones, Leader—the pre-Raphaelites, the Rossettis, William Morris, Bourne-Jones, George F. Watts: their thought as represented in poetry, picture and reform, with a side glance at the Keltic element in English poetry.

Third week, forenoons. The dramas of Victor Hugo, by Miss Annie Mitchel of Chicago, as follows: 1. The Preface and Drama of Cromwell. 2. Hernani; Marion de Lorme; Ruy Blas. 3. Le Roi s' amuse; Lucréce Borgia. 4. Marie Tudor; La Esmeralda; Angelo. 5. Les Burgraves; Torquemada. (Find English Translation in the Bohn Library, "Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo," 1 vol, 80c.)

Fourth week, forenoons. The Apocryphal Literature, or the Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments, under the leadership of Mr. Jones.

Fifth week, forenoons, by Mr. Jones. Furthur Intercourse with the Master Bards: Browning, Emerson, Whitman.

*Science.* The afternoons will be given to a quiet study of science at short range—field, forest and stream studies near at hand. Prof. L. S. Cheney of the University of Wisconsin, Secretary of the recent Forestry Commission of the State, will help in the study of trees. Prof. Marshall, of the U. of W. will give a week to the study of insect life. Dr. Libby of the same University will conduct bird classes. Prof. Perisho, of the Platteville Normal School, local geology. T. R. Lloyd Jones, teacher of science in the Hillside Home School, will give some glimpses of the wild life in the vicinity, in scales and furs. All these studies will be carried on with aid of Black-board, stereopticon and the real things alive or dead.

*Stereopticon.* It is hoped to awaken special interest in the New Hunting: catching without killing. All encouragements will be given to amateur photographers; and if they carry their achievements far enough the result of their hunting and catching will, from time to time, be shown through the lantern. Among the slides already arranged for are illustrations of bird life, through the courtesy of the Audobon Society; views from Glastonbury to Stonehenge; Victor Hugo's Les Miserables; illustrated lecture on John Brown; the pictures of Burne-Jones, Watts, the Rossettis and other representatives of their school.

# General Features of the Tower Hill Encampment.

*From First of July to Middle of September outside of the Summer School.*

*Vesper Readings* each Sunday, including interpretative readings of Shelley's Skylark, Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra, Saul, Kipling's McAndrew's Hymn, Henry Van Dyke's The Toiling of Felix, and other masterpieces.

*Grove Meetings* for three Sunday, with basket dinner. In the spirit of the Congress of Religion, possibly under the auspices of the Wisconsin committee.

*Readings* on the porch of Westhope cottage, generally one hour each morning when the summer school is not in session. Tolstoi, Ruskin and William Morris will be the authors most in hand.

*Lectures.* One or two a week on subjects related to the wo k

*Drives and Walks.* A new barn is being erected at Tower Hill. Boarders can arrange for riding and driving at reasonable rates.

## TERMS.

Registration fee entitling to all the privileges of Summer School $5.00. Board in Dining hall, $4.00 per week,

Room in Long House for one or two, $3.00 per week or $20.00 for the season, from July 1st to September 15th, 1900.

Particulars concerning cottages, tents will be furnished by letter.

Excursion rates, round trip, good from June 1st to October 1st, from Chicago to Spring Green $8 00. Tower Hill Buck Board will meet all trains when advice is given before hand. Fare 25c, Trunks 25c.

Tower Hill is situated three miles from Spring Green, Wis., a station on the Prairie Du Chien Division, of C. M & St. P. Ry.

Trains leave the Union Depot, corner of Canal and Adams Sts., Chicago, at 9 a. m., reaching Spring Green at 4 and at 3 p. m., arriving at 10 p. m.

For further particulars concerning location, board, tents, horses, etc., write to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago, after July 1st at Spring Green, Wis.

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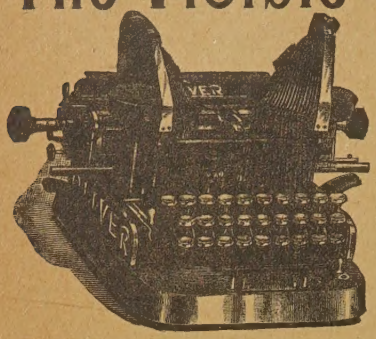

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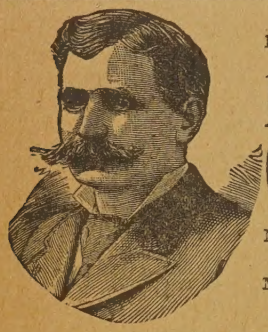

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